

The *Journal* is pleased to present the original and true story of Ko'olau the Leper. The only factual account of a famous episode in Hawaiian history, it was published in Hawaiian in 1906. Frances N. Frazier's English translation appears almost in its entirety for the first time.

## **The True Story of Kaluaiko'olau, or Ko'olau the Leper**

Translated and with a Foreword by Frances N. Frazier. From an account by John Sheldon.

### FOREWORD

In 1906 in Honolulu, Kahikina Kelekona, or John G. M. Sheldon (fig. 1), published a little book in the Hawaiian language.<sup>1</sup> "Offered and dedicated to native Hawaiians," it was the story of Kaluaiko'olau, referred to hereafter as Ko'olau, as told by his wife Pi'ilani (fig. 2). His name may be translated as "the grave at Ko'olau," a commemorative name and, as fate would have it, prophetic.

Ko'olau and his young son Kaleimanu contracted leprosy at a time when there was no known cure for the disease which was believed to be contagious because of its spread among the Hawaiian race. The Hawaiian government's way of coping with the problem was to attempt to strictly segregate leprosy patients from the rest of the world at Kalawao, on the Island of Moloka'i. Kalawao was the most easterly *ahupua'a*, a major land division, on a peninsula that projected from the northern side of Moloka'i. The peninsula was effectively cut off by land by forbidding cliffs and surrounded otherwise by rough and dangerous ocean. In later years, the patients were resettled on the drier western side in the *ahupua'a* of Kalaupapa, and the settlement now bears that name.

Today patients are said to have "Hansen's disease," but in 1893 the means of arresting the disease discovered by Hansen was unknown, and so the ancient name for the disease, leprosy, is used here. The Hawaiians called the disease *ma'i Pake*, the Chinese sickness. Another name for it was *ma'i ali'i*, the royal sickness, because a chief was said

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to have been the first person in Hawai'i to be afflicted. It was also called *mā'i ho'oka'awale*, the separating sickness, because of the patients' segregation. Kalawao was known as *ka luakupapa'u kanu ola*, the grave of living corpses.

In the early years of the settlement, those who contracted leprosy were allowed to be accompanied by helpers, or *kokua*, usually a family member, but this practice caused problems. In 1893, Ko'olau, a cowboy at Kekaha, Kaua'i, agreed at first to go to Moloka'i if Pi'ilani, his wife, could accompany him (fig. 3). The authorities denied this. Ko'olau refused to be parted from his wife. Vowing he would never be taken alive, the husband with wife and young son took refuge in the isolated Kalalau Valley (fig. 4), descending into it by an ancient and most difficult trail which no longer exists.<sup>2</sup>

The story, after a brief introduction by Sheldon, is told by Pi'ilani. It is the tragic record of the last years of her son and husband and reveals a steadfastness and devotion that rivals any classical legend of faithful love. At a period when foreigners in the community were terrified of this dread, incurable disease, she accompanied her family and cared for them with no thought of harm to herself.

Jack London attempted to exploit this story, but his is not a true portrayal.<sup>3</sup> In 1916, C. B. Hofgaard, a resident of Waimea, Kaua'i, read a paper to the Kaua'i Historical Society, mentioning the recent death of Pi'ilani whom he knew and admired. He gave the story much as I have translated it but without using the poetic and figurative imagery as published by Sheldon.

In 1973, Aubrey P. Janion asked me to do a translation which was included in part in his book of historical Hawaiian vignettes, *The Olowalu Massacre*.<sup>4</sup> Neither Mr. Janion nor I was aware of the existence of the Hofgaard paper until I had completed my translation. Yet, with one important difference, our papers are practically identical. The difference is that I have attempted to follow as literally as possible the language of the original with all its richness of poetry and its pathos.

It is a particular pleasure to the translator to have the entire story published here, with the permission of Island Heritage Press. Included at the end is the beautiful *uwe helu*, or recalling chant, in which Pi'ilani names all the places in Kalalau Valley which had sheltered them.

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FIG. 1. Kahikina Kelekona, or John G. M. Sheldon, in 1906. (Photo from Sheldon, *Kaluaiko'olau*, AH.)







One may argue that the Christianity so often and devoutly expressed did not jibe with the historical fact that Ko'olau murdered Deputy Sheriff Louis Stolz and shot two soldiers as well as unwittingly causing the accidental death of another soldier.<sup>5</sup> One may also say, however, that Christians kill each other in wars without being condemned as murderers. This event could even be described as a small war, since soldiers and a cannon were involved. Ko'olau was in a situation not of his own making, and one may conclude, from Pi'ilani's bitter remarks about the *Pi Ki* (the Provisional Government, in power from the overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani in 1893, to the establishment of the "Republic of Hawai'i" in 1895) that she and her husband did not feel bound to respect the efforts of that government to regulate their lives.

Hundreds of volumes about Hawai'i exist. But they are all, with pathetically few exceptions, from the viewpoint of the *haole* (Caucasian). Here is one from the Hawaiian viewpoint.

#### THE TRUE STORY OF KALUAIKOOLAU!

Kaluaikeolau

Ke Kaeaea o na Pali Kalalau, The Hero of the Kalalau Cliffs  
a me, and

Na Kahei oahi o Kamaile, The Firebrands, Bound and Hurled Forth,  
of Kamaile

Piilani, ka Wahine i Molia i ke Ola (The Woman Who Sacrificed Her  
Life)

Ke Kiu Alo Ehu Poka (The Observer Who Faced Sprays of Bullets

Keleimanu)

Ka Hua o ko Laua Puhaka (The Fruit of Their Loins)

Ka Opio Haokila Iloko o na Inea (The Youth Steeled in Hardship)

He Moololo oiaio i piha me na Haawina o ke Aloha Walohia (A true  
story filled with lessons of love and pathos)

Alana a Hoolaaia no na oiwi Hawaii (Offered and Dedicated to the  
Native Hawaiians.)

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#### GENEALOGY

Kanemahuka, the man dwelt with Keawe, the woman. Born was  
Kaleimanu, a male.

Nakaula, the man, dwelt with Kawaluna, the woman. Born was  
Kukui, a female.

FIG. 2. Pi'ilani Ko'olau in 1906. (Photo from Sheldon, *Kaluaike'olau*, HA.)

Kaleimanu, the man, dwelt with Kukui, the woman. Born was Kaluaikoolau.

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Hoona, the man, of Hilopaliku, dwelt with Kepola, the woman, of Kekaha, Kauai. Born was Piilani, in the season of blossoms of the year 1864, the wedded wife of Koolau.

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Kaluaikoolau, the man, dwelt with Piilani, the woman. Born was Kaleimanu. the child borne lovingly in their bosoms.

In the dawn of a day, heavy with drowsiness, when the dark clouds of Kane [one of the four leading Hawaiian gods] lay close along the high peaks of the celebrated, beautiful mountain of Waialeale, the lightning flashed from the north, around the corners of the earth. The sudden thrusts of the Koolau wind made the waves of the ocean boisterous and scattered the blossoms and leaves. The raindrops from Kulanihako'i fell and caused a murmuring at the sources of the streams and a turbulent flow. At this time Kukui strained in childbirth, and there arrived in this light and took the first breath of this life, Kaluaikoolau, whom we call by the shortened name of Koolau. Pokii, Kekaha, Kauai-of-Manokalanipo was his birthplace, in the winter season, in the year of our Lord 1862.

It is said when Koolau appeared from his home where he had dwelt for nine months, he was taken from his mother and placed on his father's lap, and when he understood that he had received the gift he had yearned for, a son, he caressed his wife and said in a voice full of joy and enthusiasm, "My son Kaluaikoolau lives!"

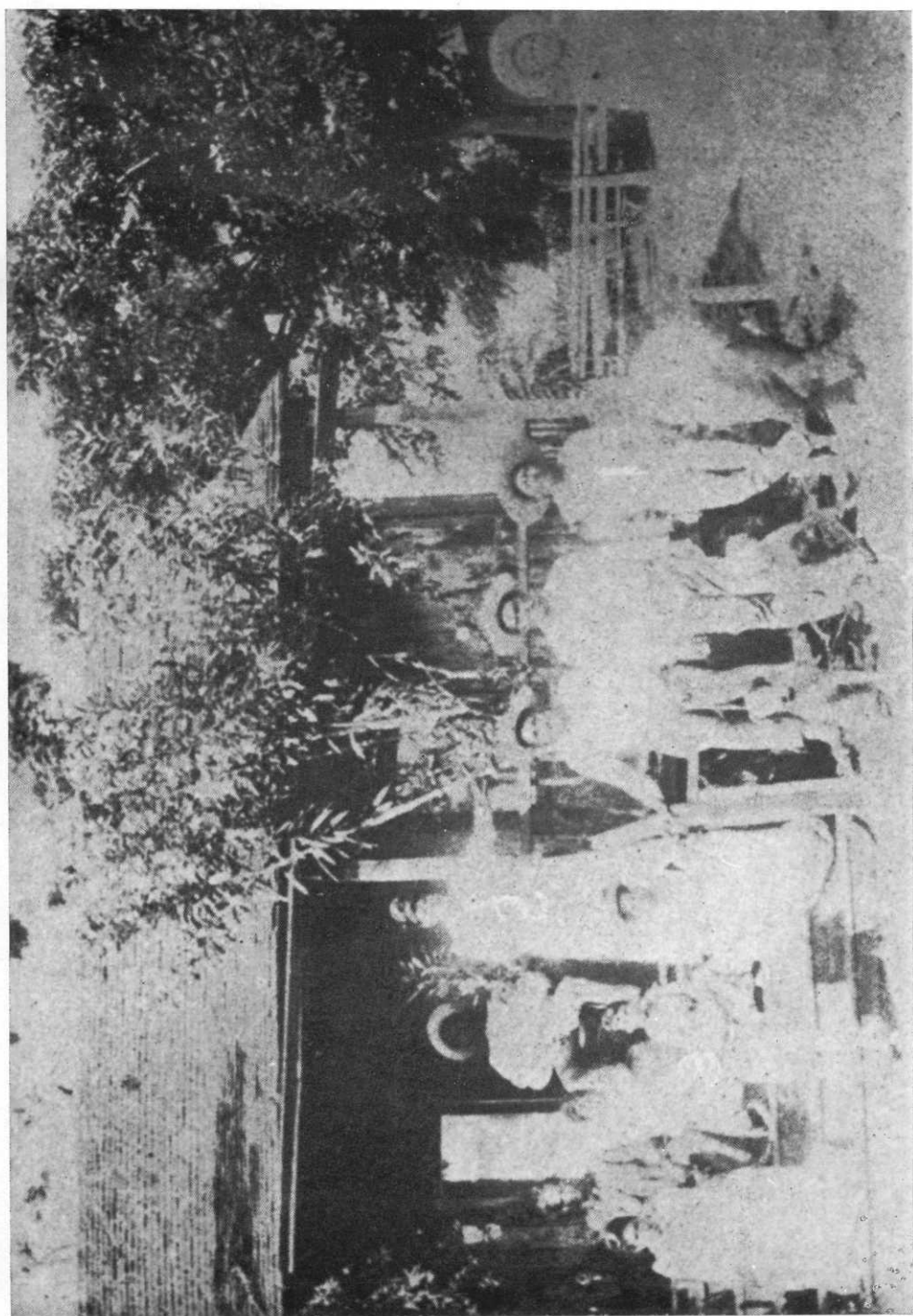
At this the wife replied with uplifted thought, "Love to you, your wish is fulfilled!"

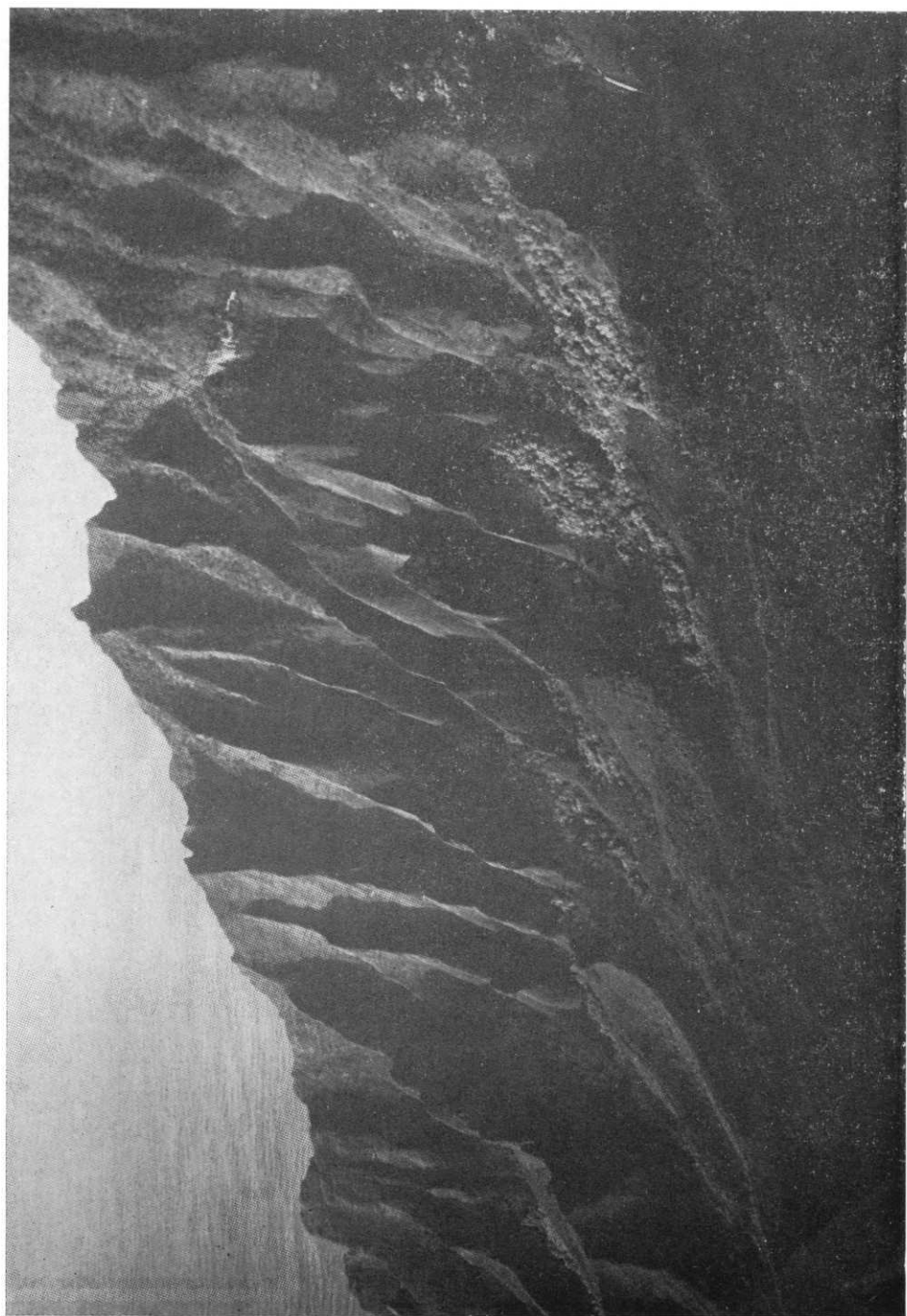
In Koolau's budding days he dwelt with his parents and family, alone, and after a period of ten days his beauty began to be perceived, and it was not long before the news of his arrival spread amongst the friends and relatives and the home became a gathering place. And he was called by some "Kaunuhimelomelo" because of the size and tautness of the various limbs of his physique.

Koolau was an important event to his family, on both the paternal and maternal sides, and he was surrounded with cherishing love. . . .

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FIG. 3. Kaluaiko'olau, or Ko'olau, identified by the number "1," in his days as a cowboy. (Photo from Sheldon, *Kaluaiko'olau*, AH.)





He was reared with care and vigilance, and his growth was unrestricted. And when he reached the age he was entered by his parents, in 1868, in the school of Father [George] Rowell at Waimea, Kauai.<sup>6</sup>

In a very little while at the school he displayed understanding and enthusiasm for his lessons, and his energy and alertness was unailing. He also was willing and active in the tasks given him by the parents, showing his love and attention to their voices. In these days of his growth there was planted in his heart the reverence for the word of God, and the beauty of the sacred lessons was wound in his conscience. Therefore, with the growth of Koolau's body, these spiritual qualities grew also.

Thus he sought the learning of the school until he was grown and he was physically ready for work, between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and he spoke to his parents of setting aside school and going to work, and his request was granted by his parents with serenity.

Because of his alertness and industry, his adeptness and promptness . . . he was sought after, and he gained a position of trust for those for whom he worked. He became the foreman of the cowboys, under Mr. Francis Gay (Palani Ke), to be the head of this work over his lands from the mountains to the shores. He was also placed in this position over the length and the breadth of Mr. Valdemar Knudsen's (Kanuka) lands at Kekaha.<sup>7</sup> He divided his duties as Head of the Cowboys between his two employers. . . .

At this same time . . . there also was growing in this same land of Kekaha, a beautiful lehua blossom of the highest, a beautiful, nectar-sipping, yellow-plumaged Oo bird. Two years after Koolau's birth, on a certain night when the mountains lay serene under the lady moon and her million twinkling stars, when the wings of the dew spread the deep fragrance of the blossoms over the winds which moistened the faces of the palis [cliffs] and the mountain ridges, in the season of Makalapua of the year of our Lord 1864, there budded forth a soft and beautiful blossom, without blemish: "Back as straight as a pali, face like the moon, no bumps or crookednesses," and her mother called her precious child Piilani.

As Piilani bloomed, she was surrounded and guarded and sheltered by her loving family and was taken nowhere but was always under the eyes of her parents and kin. Therefore not much was seen of

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FIG. 4. The wild Kalalau Valley on the Island of Kauai. (E. Alison Kay photo.)

Piilani . . . but as she grew and began to attend school her beauty began to be seen but was exceeded by her quiet voice which showed a kind and loving heart.

As these two young people grew and bloomed as flowers tended by a gardener, the thriving seedlings of yearning within the depths of their being twined together into deep love. . . .

Because of the steadfastness of their attachment which could not be avoided, the parents of them both understood the words of the Great Book about marriage being good. And so Koolau, the Fierce, Brave One, and Piilani, the Beautiful One, were joined in sacred marriage in the middle of summer in the year of our Lord 1881, at Waimea, Kauai, by Father Rowell who had taught them, and they were united under the shelter of the Holy Trinity. Koolau was nineteen and Piilani was seventeen when they joined together on the wave which was to land them on the shores of maturity.

As the parents had hoped, the two young ones joined together in love and trust, making their home a place of warm peace and contentment. During this time, Koolau continued . . . with the work for his employers, and he was trusted and became a favorite, since if anything was wished to be done, or it was wished to go up to the mountains, Koolau was called first, to be the leader. . . . His name was celebrated because of the unerring aim of his rawhide rope and of his gun, in the times when the cattle were to be captured in the mountains.

At the end of their second year of marriage, in the dawn of a Fall day, in the year of our Lord 1882, at the same "birth sands" of his parents, at Kekaha, Kauai, the God of Gods gave them a precious gift, a beautiful son who resembled his mother. The young parents were filled with joy and called this precious one "Kaleimanu."

As Koolau and Piilani had been reared lovingly by their parents, so was Kaleimanu reared by them. And he grew in understanding and love until the time when his eyes closed in everlasting sleep in the unforgettable wilderness of Kalalau.

(My reader friend, at this place Piilani will begin to speak with you, and you will become her travelling companion and listening companion, to share the troubles, the hardships and the deep grief, in the passage of time to sigh together and weep together. Deep love. Kahikina Kelekona.)

My husband and I lived together joined in the covenant of marriage in peace and good will, and endured together all the deep



troubles of a hardship unequalled in this life, until his last breath when I returned him into the earth.

In the year 1889 there began to be a little rash on his cheeks, which was because of his hard work in the sun. After a while it would disappear. As I observed the appearance of my beloved husband, because I continued to notice the reappearance of the rash, disturbed thoughts began to grow within me. . . . This became the constant subject of my thoughts.

Thus we lived with this source of worryment, always seeing this appearance of the face of my husband, but never speaking to him about it, thinking inwardly that perhaps it was a reddening caused by his always being outdoors. However, one day he returned home, bathed, and put on his at-home clothing and came and sat down in front of me. Taking the child on his lap, he said to me: "Listen, my wife, look at my cheeks, do you not notice anything different?"

My eyes were on my sewing. . . . I was startled by the question. I looked at his cheeks and replied: "Tchah! there is nothing different, excepting only the redness. Perhaps it is because of the heat of the sun, in your work you have no protection from the sun."

He rubbed his cheeks and replied, "We did not work much today in the sun, mostly in the shade until I came home; feel my cheeks!"

He bent his head, and I ran my fingers over his cheeks, saying, "Your skin is smooth . . . perhaps it is from your rubbing with the soap during your bath?"

"No, I noticed this difference first, in looking in our mirror, and I have been noticing this reddening, and my thoughts have been puzzled at the disappearance and reappearance of it."

This was the very beginning of our discussions about the puzzlement caused by this, and I understood by the way he spoke, by his words and voice and appearance, that within himself he was wondering, and at times a voice would seem to say, "You are branded!" Yet it would be fended off by hope, saying, "You will be saved!"

After this I understood by my man's behavior, in his deep unspoken thoughts, his features showed the burden of dejection and sorrow, and it was a source of pain and grief in my heart for him and for our beloved child. During all this time I uttered words of encouragement and hope, in order to diminish recollection and wonderment concerning this puzzling thing of which he had suspicions.

One of the main reasons for his being perturbed, and which burdened my thoughts, was because we saw these signs on our child's



face and other parts of his body. . . . my thoughts were gloomy, and the friends who read this will understand the burden of sorrow on my shoulders, on seeing the child with his signs and the puzzled suspicion at the traces on my husband which were being revealed to us. Who would not be filled with deep sorrow and love at the burden of the husband and the child?

On a certain day there came to our house at Mana a man who worked for the government, named Pokipala, who had come to fetch Koolau to be seen by the Doctor, because of being observed by one who had suspected that he had leprosy, the royal disease, the disease that separated families. . . .

[Piilani then speaks of the piercing thrusts of her deep grief.]

Pokipala . . . was civil in fulfilling the duty given him by his superior, and he had power under the law of the land. My husband was taken before the doctor of the government and examined, and the doctor decided that he had leprosy and directed that he be confined and taken to Kalawao, the place called by some people "the grave where one is buried alive."

When this decision was made known to Koolau, he directly said . . . that he was absolutely opposed and would not be taken alive to Kalawao, unless his family could be taken too, and Pokipala departed to report this to his superior. My husband told me all this and we discussed what to do. And we agreed together to live patiently together in the hardships of this life, and that death only would separate us. We made a sacred oath before All Powerful God to fulfill this with determination and without retreat.

At sunset on a certain day, when the wings of darkness spread over the ridges and rows of palis of our beloved land, in the winter of the year 1892, we loaded ourselves and our belongings on horseback. And in the loneliness and awesomeness of the night we turned towards the trail to climb up and descend into Kalalau, leaving behind our "birth sands," without knowing when we would see them again or breathe the comforting air of our birthplace. In this journey were Koolau and myself, our child, my mother, and a child of my cousin, and our beloved guide, Kua Papiohuli. This was our elder one who guided us with care and ease, watching out for our welfare, with true love.

Our horses moved easily on this journey, and our trail was good, nor did we suffer from the pinching cold of the mountain. And at the break of day we arrived at Halemanu, at the mountain home of the beloved elder one, Kanuka [Valdemar Knudsen]. There we rested

a while to relieve the stiffness, and after resting sufficiently we continued to trudge up the ascent. And when the sun rose at Kumukahi, our feet stepped on the heights of Kilohana, and our eyes saw Kalalau spread out with its bosom beautified by the luxuriant growth of the high wildernesses.

On our arrival at Kilohana we rested, again enjoying the pleasant touch of the breeze and enjoying the beauty of the valley and the ridges and the clustered houses of the kamaainas [native born] of this celebrated nook. Glancing up, we saw the dark, thick clouds lying along the steep rows of palis, and my husband bestirred us quickly to move on with our descent of the pali, because these clouds were the sign of the raindrops of Kulanihakoi [mythical pond or lake in the sky, source of rain] which would fall.

At this place our beloved elder and guide, Kua Papiohuli, left us, as we shed tears of sadness at his solitary return with the horses, and our wanderings henceforth along the edges of the marching cliffs of this famed valley.

We descended quietly down this precarious trail, and perhaps halfway on this descent we were enveloped in darkness, and the raindrops began to pour down and scatter.

At this time we were on the brink of a pali and clinging on, without any shelter to escape the pelting of the raindrops, and in a short while we were drenched. But we endured the cold and the chill and continued to descend carefully until we arrived at Kahalanui, at Naoheiki's mountain house, where we would be safe, having reached a house and gotten a nest to shelter us. During this time when we were descending the pali and we were enduring the cold, Koolau removed his cloak, keeping only his shirt, and with loving hands he wrapped the child, showing his constant thoughtfulness and love for the child.

You must remember, reader friends, from our departure from home we were absorbed in prayer, asking with humbleness and hearts truly repenting, that the Three Heavenly Spirits regard us with love and sprinkle their Holy Spirit over us and spread their wings as a refuge for us. Therefore, on our arrival at our refuge, our first action was to bend our knees and give praise to the Heavenly One and thanks for our care and guidance. We always remembered the Lord with the voice of prayer and in our hearts, never missing during the entire time of our wanderings, troubles and sorrows.

During this time we lived with ease and saw and met the family and friends living at the sides and shores of Kalalau. During those

days my husband worked to procure our needs. At this time I observed the spreading of the . . . disease . . . on our child and on my husband. It was no different—a sort of reddishness on his cheeks would burst forth at times and disappear at times. However, there also began the swelling of the brows, showing that the disease was quietly persisting in its work in the various parts of his body.

After a great many days had passed, on one of the first days of the season of Makalapua [blossoming time], in the year 1893, while I was sitting alone and contented at home, without any warning, I was startled . . . to see Louis Stolz (known familiarly by the name of Lui), the Deputy High Sheriff of Waimea, at the estuary of the two streams. They had descended the pali of Kalou to the descent of Kilohana and arrived at the place of our friend Naoheiki, at Kahalanui.

I understood the reason for their mountain journey. However, not at all did I display my alarm and doubt. . . . my inner voice said to me: "You swore to be brave in support of your husband and child, therefore be brave for them." With these thoughts I hid the surprise and alarm in my mind, and I understood that I would be able to trust myself to be fearless and act with good will and justice. I stood and called them with a smile and welcoming voice, going to them and saying, "Come! Visit us. Come in the house!"

We met and shook hands and greeted one another, and I entertained them with enthusiasm and good will. [Piilani then recounts that they exchanged pleasantries and information about friends.] . . . However . . . I saw the eyes of the Deputy Sheriff darting around the house and glancing here and there, and turning to me with a cheerful voice and pleasant expression he asked me, "Piilani, where is Koolau?"

I replied truthfully, "This morning he went to work in the taro patch."

"Afterwards, at what time will he return?"

"Sometimes he returns at noon and sometimes in the evening." I asked Lui if he wanted me to fetch Koolau . . . however, he replied, "No, no, it is all right. I want to talk to Koolau, afterwards he can come down makai [toward the ocean]. I want to see him.

"Yes, if perhaps you two will wait, he may come. You can see him and talk to him, that would be best."

"O, later on. . . . How is he at this time? How is that sickness of his?"

"Just like it was when we were in Kekaha, not much. Just a little reddishness on the cheeks sometimes, sometimes not."

"Ah yes," said Lui, "you tell Koolau come makai see me afterwards talk, that's my thought."

"Yes, if you two will not wait, when he comes I will tell him what you said."

Then he roused his companion, Penikila, to go down, since evening was coming. And they started to go down to a house at the shore, first telling me they were going to go down and sleep at Kaumeheiwa's house that night and that they would be there until their work was done. We shook hands and bid farewell, though I tried to restrain them for a meal, but they replied they would wait and eat at the shore at the home of the Kamaaina, and they left.

After their departure darkness descended on my mind, and the chill of sorrow stole into my breast, and the faces of my beloved husband and child came before me, and my tears began to flow. And I was overwhelmed with grief—who would not be?—seeing the power of the government come hither to sever the sacred knot of holy marriage and cutting the golden cord between the parents and the child. Alas! Alas!

The pinching chill of the spreading dawn—I know it.

The cold that numbs the skin, of the mountain dew—I know it.

The chill of the rapid flowing waters of Waikoloa—I know it.

The other kind of chill—emotional disturbance—I know it all.

My companions of this same race with whom I talk of this true story I am stringing as a garland of remembrance for my husband and our budding beloved child, if perhaps some of you were with me at this time . . . , perhaps you would not lack for sympathy, and truly see "Hanakahi drenched in the pouring rain," and enter into the depths of the era of wrong of those days. [Piilani then speaks of the pain of families torn apart by the power of the government and her "deep love for us all." . . .]

I decided to go and reveal all that was in my mind to my beloved husband, and with eyes brimming with tears and the hands crossed behind my back, I went grieving and lamenting amongst the taro patches. While I was going, wailing, our child heard, and with alarm he ran quickly and seized my skirt. I lifted him up and as I was wailing, he wept also, asking me in a soft voice, "E mama, why these tears which are wetting your cheeks?"

It tore my heart to have him gently grasp me around the neck and caress me. . . . I was unable to answer him, but instead I wept. While we were going my husband heard my voice and stood up and with a startled face to seize the child, thinking he had been harmed and quickly questioned me with trembling lips and eyes welling up, "E mama, what is this, what is the trouble?"

I sprang to him and clasped them both and quickly told him everything. He took the child on his back and we returned home. When we got there, I told him everything . . . , weeping, while he listened without speaking. When I had finished speaking, he said:

Listen, my beloved wife, do not burden yourself in your thoughts because we know there is an end to all things. There is an end to things which have a spirit and things which do not; however, the end is in the hands of the Lord, the one who made the heavens and the earth, and since we have given ourselves into his hands, therefore we shall lift up the cross and He shall lead our footsteps on the Road which he trod for us to follow. For He is the one who knows the right, we do not. Therefore, take hope and end your brooding. Give all your burdens with faith to our heavenly Father, and He will comfort and give you rest in the heart and welfare to the body. . . .

[With her husband's reverence and hope expressed, Pi'ilani feels new hope, and the three kneel in prayer for guidance and shelter.]  
. . . . I found the courage to say to the whole world:

With me, my husband Kaluaikoolau,  
With me, my child Kaleimanu,  
With me, you two, until the bones are laid to rest,  
With me, you two, until the final disappearance.

On the second day after the appearance of the policemen of the government at our house and giving the command, we heard the news that all the people who had contracted the royal disease were to gather at the shore by command of the Deputy Sheriff . . . and they and their friends gathered together . . . we decided to carry out the command of the officers of the government and attend the meeting concerning the friends who lived in Kalalau, because of the government's decision and that of the Board of Health to seize everyone known or suspected to have the disease to take them to the Place of Leprosy at Kalawao.

Everyone attended this meeting . . . Deputy Sheriff Lui . . . gave orders that all those who had the disease of leprosy were to gather

with their belongings and be prepared to be taken the next week. The question was put to the gathering as to who agreed and who opposed. At that time all the sick ones agreed except for Kaluaikoolau. He stood before the officer of the government and said, "I first ask whether my wife will be allowed to go with me, the one I swore before Almighty God to care for, to become one blood with me, from whom only death could part me?"

Lui refused, saying, "No! Your wife cannot at all go with you—you and all those who have the sickness will be taken, no one else."

[Ko'olau replied:]

I am denied the helping hand of my wife, and the cord of my love for her is to be cut, and I am commanded to break my sacred promise before God and live alone in a strange land; the power of the man has severed the blameless ones whom the power of God has joined as one.

The consecrated law of marriage has come to us, and we swore by the holy book to live together in the time of food and of famine, in sickness and in health . . . until death should part us, and now, the power of the government wants to break the law of man and of God and make the oath before Almighty God as nothing. We swore to become one, never to leave one another, and now it is commanded that we be parted. The love that is implanted in my heart for my wife shall never be extinguished, and the oath I swore before God shall continue until I die.

His eyes flashed and his breast heaved as he stepped back, standing straight, and expressed his firm determination not to allow himself while alive to be taken by the wrong law of the land, which would not allow his wife to accompany him. Since the leprosy, said he, was a catastrophe in the life of a man, it was not wrong for a man to oppose the law.

These words of my husband caused our friends to ponder them, and at this time the head of the government's power expressed his anger with boasting and scornful words. However, my husband did not consider these words resulting from quick temper. Two days after this the deputy left Kalalau and returned to Waimea, leaving his command that all who were branded with the royal disease were to prepare themselves to be taken the next week to the place called "Grave where one was buried alive."

We returned to our mountain home, and in those days afterwards our friends came up and there were many discussions. My husband advised them to carry out their promise to the government, but that he himself would refuse until the end, since he had heard of how in the strange land the bones would be laid without the knowledge of

the one who should attend to hiding his bones; whereas, here in the land of his birth, I, his wife, would, he knew, lay him to rest forever.

We . . . awaited the time when the hand of the government would reach out to fulfill its command, and early one morning a friend brought us this news, "Lui has landed with some police armed with guns, with the purpose of taking Koolau prisoner."<sup>8</sup>

When my husband heard this he did not show any signs of alarm, but he smiled, and there was good humor in his dark eyes, and he said these words which I shall never forget, "Yes, they think that I shall be imprisoned by the sickness, but marriage is the only thing that keeps this body a prisoner, and the spirit shall triumph with that which He has given."

We were told of the instructions that Koolau should be taken alive, if possible, but if it could not be done without shedding blood, to shoot him dead. But Lui gave the command not to harm him unless they were not in a position to defend themselves. Lui boasted before the people, saying:

Ho! You will all see—Koolau will run for the mountains and then he will become emaciated and have a big head. Lui will capture him, and Koolau will be through in Kalalau. Lui will have the right, Lui will have the power over him. Lui's words are correct, you will see afterwards. Lui is not mistaken, Koolau is mistaken. He is stubborn and much too proud—afterwards he will cry.

When we heard these words, my eyes fell on my husband, and I saw a smile on his face, as was his custom. He was not in the least disturbed, nor did his voice change. And as though he saw my eyes focused on him, he said:

Perhaps it is true, perhaps it will be fulfilled that I will become emaciated and big-headed, and perhaps I may lose the strength of these parts of my body, but not the support of my wife and our child; therefore let the harm be returned to the one who thinks it.

When he uttered these first words, I grasped that he was swearing an oath between himself and God, and he took his favorite gun which had been called by the name of "KAIMONAKAMAKELOA!" [death afar in a wink] He took this gun to his breast and caressed it and said these words of love and reverence:

My defender, the one of whom I always boast that in the wink of an eye the messenger of death goes after, I command you to guard us vigilantly.



As I have fondled and cherished you in the days past, thus you must care for us in the days which are coming, and when the last days come for us we shall be buried together. And I promise that we shall live in peace if we are not disturbed, but we shall fight with our knowledge and strength and fearlessness to protect us all from the enemy who attempt to overwhelm us. I, Kaluaikoolau, swear before God, my savior and redeemer, to fulfill all that I have said and may He help and guide me. It is offered!<sup>9</sup>

My beloved friends who follow this with me, who would not be awed by hearing these solemn words, filled with determination and fearlessness? And it is true a stillness fell over all the ridges and places of Kalalau. And who is the woman who would not be filled with the determination to follow and cling to her man until the end, if these words of steadfast love were heard. It would be a spiritless woman who would lack the power to help and endure the troubles that would ensue.

After this time, until the spirit left my husband's body, I completely understood his eternal vigilance to guard us, with his eyes always watching, in the forests and cliffs and promontories. While he was scouting everywhere, he noticed a tent standing on one side of the valley, and he understood that it had been placed there so as to spy on him, and he ordered some of his relatives to go and look and report to him.

At this time my husband . . . told me that Lui was planning to ambush him and was hiding somewhere awaiting the opportunity. . . . He recommended that we should all go down to the shore, and we did so that evening. While we were going down along the banks of the stream, at a place called Kahalii, we found the raincoat of Lui, and some crackers in the pocket, and a blanket, and we took them with us.

When we were near the houses my husband crossed in front of us and met with his friend, Penikila, the policeman and follower of Lui, and while they were talking, my husband asked where Lui was at that time. His friend replied that he did not know, that he guessed Lui had gone to Hanalei. But at this time he met with another friend, Peter Nowlein, the Deputy Sheriff of Hanalei, brother of Kamu [James?] Nowlein, and he told the truth, which was that Lui was mauka at a place where he was spying with the thought of overcoming and capturing Koolau with his own strength and craftiness. When I heard this I quickly remembered how correct my

husband had been to be suspicious when he saw the tent. It was remarkable how his mind had grasped the truth.

My husband . . . arrived first at Kaumeheiwa's house and there met with many of his friends who were staying there. Upon greeting them, he revealed his thoughts to them:

Hear ye, my friends, I want to tell you correctly, I have come here to meet and see that haole, Lui, and some action may develop between us. Therefore, if some of you are afraid and doubtful, it is better for you to be separated, since the result of this is not known; therefore, it is best to tell you first so you will understand.

Then he turned to Penikila, the policeman who was with Lui, and said:

Penikila, you are no friend and are wicked in deceiving me about the haole's departure for Hanalei, knowing that he was lying in wait for me. At this time you would be dead if my thoughts were as evil as yours. Your life is in my hands, but I have friendship for you and to all of you. Therefore I place my anger upon the haole, the one who is spying on me and who has boasted that I would become emaciated and big-headed and that he would capture me. Therefore I will forget your evil deed and keep my friendship for you all.

However, Penikila insisted he was telling the truth, saying:

May I live by this. I tell you the truth, I thought the haole had gone to Hanalei, because when he left me he did not tell me where he was going. He took his raincoat, saying he was sending someone to Hanalei. This was the reason I thought he had gone to Hanalei.

During this entire time my man was standing grasping his gun, and his features and appearance were such as to inspire terror in those who saw him. Amongst the friends a few grouped together who had formerly decided to stay with us. They were people whom the haole had decided to take, but the most of them left to go down to the shore with all the police. Since it was apparent that Koolau, the fierce one, had come with determination, therefore they were terrified, although Koolau had affection for those of his own race, and he showed his true love by telling them to go elsewhere, since the result of his meeting with Lui was not to be known. This is a verification of the good will and affection of my husband for the people living in this unforgettable place in those days of alarm and terror.

This night we stayed alone in the shelter of the darkness, with my husband always vigilant. His eyes did not close until the rays of the sun spread their beauty over the land, but he watched and listened and was prepared with the alertness of his body to sacrifice his life to defend his family from harm. It is true, my husband on this night guarded us well, and I was awake with him.

Thus it went until the next day, and at that time he stationed guards at the sides of the house, so as to rest, instructing them that if Lui or perhaps one of his police were seen coming, to awaken him quickly before their arrival. That day nothing was seen and we both rested, but we got the news that Lui was coming that night to capture Koolau, dead or alive. On the receipt of this news brought to us, I never saw any sign of alarm, but he continued to be calm, stirring in my breast the words, "I am with you until the bones are laid to rest."

When it began to darken that evening, my husband bestirred us, and we went outside to watch for Lui's arrival. We stationed ourselves a little distance from a gable of the house, where a rock stood, and we stayed close there. Iwa and Kala, two young men, were in the house at that time. We squatted near this rock, watching and listening constantly, without knowing what the result would be. On this night it was not completely dark, a moon had risen, and it was possible to see dimly things which were close at hand but not far off. While we were by the rock, all was quiet, until 9 or 10 o'clock, when my husband heard footsteps on the road and he whispered in my ear, "Here comes the haole. I hear footsteps, there are two of them." He caressed me, saying, "Have courage, we may be going to die."

Shortly after, I saw the shadows of the bodies in plain sight of the house, and just before, we heard Lui's voice calling Kala, and this was when we saw Kala and Iwa running to one side, very fast, and Lui shouted, "Kala! you stand still—you take care! You stop!"

A gun was heard being cocked, and at this moment my husband protected me by putting me behind him, and with a flash of powder his gun was fired, and we heard the voice of the haole saying, "Hu! It hurts." The reverberations of the gun sounded everywhere, spreading the news of this terrible thing done on this unforgettable night. At this time, we saw Lui's assistant who had been with him as my husband had said. This was Paoa, a man who had the leprosy who had been arrested by Lui on the mountain. Paoa ran to the place where the haole was standing with the gun, while Koolau was

going there, and he began to beat the haole, and Koolau was angry with him, saying he should be careful or he would kill him . . . my husband called to me to go away and when I was doing this I briefly saw Lui kneeling, holding the gun, and Paoa shouted, "He is going to shoot," and this was the moment my husband fired the second bullet, and Lui died.

My husband turned and said, "If I had been slow, I would have died before the haole."

And I replied, "That is the truth."

And this is the truth, if Paoa had not been there at that time and if he had not called out those words, "He is going to shoot," my husband would have been killed and I would have followed him, since the haole was prepared to shoot. This was the 27th day of June, 1893.

At this time, my husband went and told what he had done, and a man named Pahee was sent to go and tell everyone, telling Koolau's actions, which he did not hide but said, "The haole Lui is dead, it was I who shot him with my gun." Wahinealoha was the first person to arrive and who heard these true words of my husband. He had been sent by Penikila to watch over the body of the haole. We carried his body to the lanai [porch] of the house and laid him on the floor. At this time, shortly after the gun was heard and it was known that Lui was killed, Kaumeheiwa quickly boarded his canoe and paddled to Mana to take this news, and also because he was afraid. He got to the house of Mr. Faye,<sup>10</sup> and from there the news was telephoned to Waimea.

At the dawn of the next day my husband roused me, saying, "My work is done, I have escaped with my life, and now let us go up to the mountain, to await the result." Then we quickly left the shore and went up to the mountain, followed by Paoa and some other people. When we arrived upland, the ship Waialeale had arrived from Hanalei, sent under the direction of the government to get the body of Lui. During this time, we went and stayed in the house, awaiting the result, as my husband had said that the soil of Kalalau was that which would cover his bones, and that I was the one who would perform this hiding of his bones as I had sworn.

While we stayed there, we did not see any of the police upland, and everything was calm. One day Paoa began to go down to the shore, and on the way he met some of the friends from the shore who were alarmed and told him this startling news:

E Paoa, return upland, as death is coming here. The Iwalani has landed, filled with police and soldiers, armed to come and fight with Koolau, and there will be shooting at Kalalau until they get him dead or alive, it is not known which!

When Paoa got this terrifying news he was filled with fear, and who would not be at these preparations for war?—for my husband alone had come a ship filled with soldiers and arms. Breathless and trembling, Paoa came to the house and told us the news, thus:

Hear ye, your death is at the shore, it has arrived this morning, and it seems as though we all will be killed. The steamship has arrived with soldiers with guns, and you will be taken and shot because you killed the haole Lui—this is what I have to tell you all.

Fright descended on the features of everyone, the cheeks paled, and silence fell upon us all, but . . . I placed my hope and my trust on my beloved husband. I saw him bend his head and then raise it, and with eyes filled with love and a soft voice he gently said these words of manhood, for the second time instructing us:

Yes, it is indeed possible that my death is coming, what of it? Death is the end of all men, and man only dies once. And who would not be killed, with a warship coming here with soldiers and arms; therefore, how shall Koolau alone escape? But Jehovah is my saviour and I place my trust in him as a fortress and refuge for me and us all. I shall not go back, I will remain alone, you all shall return. For me alone is this death which is swiftly pursuing; your lives might be needlessly harmed; therefore my wish and command to you all, my people, is that you all return to the shore to avoid trouble. This is the time to seek life, it is not good to delay and do not wait for me since I have sworn that I will not be taken prisoner until my last breath. If there are thousands of them with their guns it is my dead body they shall capture before they take me alive. Therefore, return and if it is heard that Koolau is dead, then remember these words of instruction: it is better that my one life should be sacrificed and that you should escape, who are blameless and should not suffer from the raging hearts pursuing with the messengers of death. Therefore fulfill this—if we meet again, this is a blessing from God, and if this is our last meeting in this life, then my great love to you all each and every one, and you take and give my love. Grieve for me with our friends, and this is my prayer, which rises to the feet of our Heavenly Lord, that He care and watch over us all. Farewell to you.

While my husband was speaking to our friends, I wept, and if you had been there with me, my readers, you would also have wept for the sadness. Because of my husband's words our friends began

to discuss and question each other's thoughts, and I understood their thought to stay with us until the end and they said:

We will not agree to return to shore and wickedly leave you behind. Better that we all stay together until the end, since we do not know what will happen if we go. Perhaps we will be captured and killed, therefore we will stay in the mountains and if it is life or death, we will all be together.

I knew my husband was filled with deep love at these words, but he gently replied:

Hear me, all of you, your words are true, but we all know that death is coming with those soldiers and guns, and since you have no guns, nor bullets . . . your lives would be interfered with, without being able to defend yourselves—we would all be exposed to their firing—what is the value of my one gun? Therefore, listen to me, and perhaps we will all meet again under the Lord's guidance.

Because of my man's good words of advice these friends decided to carry out his words and return to the shore and they began to prepare for departure. At this time my husband turned to me, with tears, and said:

Hear me, my wife, my companion who has faced with me and the child the troubles and hardships coming now, this is perhaps our final goal when God will separate us; therefore I have pondered inwardly and have decided to send you away to return with these friends of ours. Because if you two stay you will be harmed and I am grieved to think of our beloved child at this time. Therefore it would be better for you to go and leave me alone. Remember, I am only one, and there are many of you and if you linger perhaps we will all be harmed, therefore since I am being sought it is better that I alone die and you all live.

These true words of love by my husband for me and my child were set aside by my conscience, because I had made up my mind that nothing in the world would change, until the end, and I told my husband this . . . :

Under the heavens and before Almighty God, I swear that I will never consent to your thought, nor fulfill your command. I shall never leave off following you until death shall separate us, and by this oath, may I die an evil death if I do not fulfill this promise to sacrifice my body and my life—amen.

Because of this oath, my husband ceased to urge me to leave, and he embraced me and the child. We met in farewell . . . with our friends and our makuahine [mother or aunt] and without their knowing whether this was to be their last sight of our faces . . . they departed, leaving us alone, the three of us, in the awesome wilderness of Kalalau.

When our grieving friends had left, my husband bestirred us to quickly climb up to a certain high place, and so we arrived at a place called Waimakemake, climbing up the side of the stream and perching ourselves above. We camped on a promontory where we could sit with our feet swinging, a high steep pali at our backs and a steep descent in front. We were veiled to the right and left by growing things and the leaves and creepers, and so could not be seen.

You must understand, reader friends, the nature of our house in which we dwelt in those beginning days of the death which was pursuing my husband. The sun above in the day, the dark clouds of Kane at night, the rows of promontories was our world, the creeping, clustering leaves our ridgepole and shelter, the dew was our cloak in which we huddled. We had a little finger-dip of poi, a little dried eel and that was all we had at this time—no water, and we got the dew off the leaves, but we endured it with our child.

When the sun descended into the sea in the west, and the wings of darkness spread over all the ridges of this place, it was awesome and lonely, but it was not long before the moon rose in its beauty and the moist breeze of the forest stroked us, and then the friendly voices of the land shells began to sound everywhere, as hopeful voices:

Within the seconds, the minutes, and the hours,  
Within your loneliness and sorrow,  
Within the flowers, the leaves and everything,  
Within you and without, I am with you.

When the dawn appeared we began a prayer of praise to the Heavenly Power because of his care of us. Then we were startled to hear shouting below and we realized that we had been guarded by the Holy spirit. We heard and understood without mistake that from the voices of the haoles and the sound of their arms, this was the army . . . who were attempting to carry out their boast to capture or shoot my husband. My friends and readers, you should know how filled with terror I was . . . , but I fended it off with bravery and the determination to be fearless, but I understood with inner chill and alarm that we were face to face with death.



While we were sitting there we heard the shouting of voices, and at this place, my friends, you will learn of one of the wicked and wrongful deeds which the P.G.s did with great arrogance. They and all the people whom the power of the Provisional Government had sent to capture Koolau, because of their actions became despised by those born with consciences in Christianity. On the arrival of these P. G. soldiers with bloodthirsty hearts at Kahalanui where we had been living, and when they understood no one was there, because of their rage they began to burn the houses and all the belongings. We heard the sound of the fire and the crackling of the things burning, and the glow and smoke rose up to the skies, and our hearts were filled with love for the houses and the belongings of the people who had done no wrong; this was Naoheopio's house which had sheltered us, Paoa's house, and Koala's house. Because of my husband these people were angry—my husband who had no rights in those houses which were taken and others' property burned. They stupidly thought by this they would frighten and capture my husband. This was the wickedness and the worthlessness of these impertinent P. G. soldiers' actions towards the blameless ones and their houses and belongings . . . my husband and I were filled with rage, and if perhaps we could have gotten some of them we would have wrung their bones and fed them to the fire. Until this day I am not done brooding over these plundering, burning, thieving P. G. kolea, the birds who come to fatten on our land, who came as wanderers and arrogantly lived on the sweet breast of our native land. It is not good to continue to find fault . . . but I decided inwardly because of these actions of burning the houses and their coming with a great army and rifles and cannons, to shoot and kill my husband, who was alone . . . these were deeds shameful before the powerful governments of the world, and because of these reasons, my mind is made up never to forget or forgive for the rest of my life.

Many years have passed since that day and times have changed. Some of them have left Hawaii, but some still live amongst the natives of the land and some sleep in the everlasting sleep. Until today I believe if those who remain alive remember this burning that they [the army] did, there still would be no apology or blame for themselves or more than thinking of the houses they burned, or certain people taken captive and held by their power—people who were blameless and who had not opposed them and had obeyed their commands. And by these deeds who was harmed? . . . the ones whose property this was were blameless and had not joined with my

husband. And the harm which they thought to place on Koolau was placed with terror and trouble on the blameless ones while they were obeying the commands of that burning army. I think, myself, that not a heart amongst the consciences of the world of men born with a little love in their hearts would condone these deeds.

We listened quietly to the noise and understood that the soldiers were climbing up to our place where we sat. It was not far, but we could not be seen or see because of the vegetation. Then we were again startled by the firing of guns and the bullets began to strike. . . . Some of them struck above us and showered dirt and stones, but not one harmed us. My ears heard, for the first time ever, the sound of the bullets.

We heard the voices of the soldiers and their trampling footsteps and the continuation of the gunfire; the smell of the powder rose and the bullets cracked around us into the cliffs. . . . I was full of alarm, but . . . my husband . . . uttered hopeful words, and his expression inspired bravery in me, so that I hugged our child and spoke lovingly to him, since fear had disappeared, thinking that this was our end and only a short time remained before our death. . . . I saw my husband peering and gesturing, and . . . I clearly saw a haole standing just in front of where we were sitting, and I saw the red woolen underwear he was wearing, and while I was looking Koolau's gun fired quickly and I saw him fall and the sound of his body rolling and a shrill scream. I also heard the shouting voices of the soldiers and trampling of their feet and the crackling of the brush, and we understood that they had all fled. That was when my husband said, "Aha! My death was coming here, yet here the soldiers are being taught to run! Perhaps Koolau is truly indeed a big head."

After a short time we heard the shouting voices of the people far below, and . . . we began again to be fired upon and the bullets struck all around except the place where we sat. The rifles continued a barrage until evening and then lessened, when my husband crept to where the haole soldier had stood and got his gun, and after we had examined it we threw it far down the precipice where it could not be found again by the soldiers.

That night the firing continued, however, not as during the day. But on the second day it began again with the bullets striking on every side, and there was powder smoke everywhere. On this morning my husband bade us take off our old clothing and put on new garments, so as to be dressed properly for death . . . [and] uttered this thought:

In the midst of this trouble, if I see that nothing remains, then I will shoot you two first and then shoot myself and we shall all die together, then we shall not see the wicked deeds by these haole P.G.

I agreed that his thought should be carried out before the end to avoid harm at the bloody hands of the soldiers. At this time we began to lose our doubts and the striking of the bullets around us seemed as nothing—we lived without fear and doubt.

As they had done on the former day, the soldiers again began to move up on the second day, and we again faced their messengers of death, but we understood without doubt that God was with us, our refuge from the bullets pelting all around us. We heard that the firing was coming closer and also the voices of the soldiers, and we carefully watched the place where the voices were coming from. While we were watching my husband pulled me close to his side and pointed and I saw one of the soldiers standing by a lehua tree. He took off his cap and hung it on a branch and began to peer in through the leaves. My husband raised his gun and said, "Watch carefully!" And on the instant his gun sounded and reverberated amongst the ridges, and I saw this soldier's hands thrown up over his head and his body whirled and fell down with a rustling of the brush. I heard voices full of alarm and I again heard the trampling of feet and knew that the P. G. soldiers had fled again, running very fast, and this was the second time that my husband's word about teaching them to run was carried out.

Afterwards we again heard voices far off and were again peppered as before with bullets. They continued to advance from either side, and the bullets struck above and below us, but the remarkable thing was that our place was spared.

The firing continued without rest for four full days, and then hunger and thirst began to trouble us. There remained no leaves close by for us to quench our thirst by sucking. We wept to see our child suffer from hunger and thirst, and who would not, since he was so young and weak. We were patient with the child, and we all held in until the night fell, and the dew moistened our dried lips.

Remember, my friends, . . . the sun had set on the fourth day, and on this night we had neither food nor water from the second day except that patiently gotten from the leaves. As this evening fell, I saw my man sitting quiet with tears running and understood the sorrow in his thoughts about the child, and after a while he said:

Hear me, my wife, I see there is no good in remaining here. I think we should leave this place and seek another place for us to shelter. The soldiers know we are here and they are preparing for the end. Therefore let us . . . go down and go past that side and then climb up again, and there we shall have water and food. By this turn we shall be saved, since the enemy will continue to think we are here and they will continue to fire here.

My husband's idea was a good one. . . . He went first and then the child and last of all myself, in the descent. With . . . extreme caution we crept through the brush, and I saw the patience of the child, because there were many wounds on the soles of his feet and his fingers were paralyzed, but we never heard him wail or sigh, and he always listened to his father's voice and obeyed.

We descended quietly in the dark, and perhaps halfway we heard the talk of the soldiers, and we began to creep cautiously along the steep brink of the stream . . . until we got very close to the place where these people were talking loudly, and we passed by, however, without their seeing us, and after we were far below, descended to the stream and quenched our thirst. We continued to go quietly in the stream and got onto the opposite side, enduring the difficulty of negotiating the rocks and the force of the water and the slipperiness, but we were patient.

When we reached the opposite side of the stream we went on until we found a small depression . . . in this place which was called Koheo. There we rested until daylight. Then we continued to go quietly through the forest, and when we got close to the house of Kelau and family, at Kaluamoi, my husband settled us there while he went to seek food for us at the houses of our kamaaina friends. He went with caution, hiding in the bushes, and when he was close to the house he saw a group of the haole P. G. soldiers smoking and playing cards and laughing, and he also saw some Hawaiian friends sitting in a separate house . . . [and] many people. Therefore he returned without any food and we remained hungry while he told me everything he had seen.

We sat quietly wondering what would be best to do, and at dawn he stirred us to move again to a place that would be better and we carried out his command. We began again to climb up steeply, and down, and up again on that side of the valley, and there . . . we arrived at a little nook, which was called Limamuku, perched above the waterfall, and there we camped. In this place we were saved from hunger, for a bunch of ripening bananas invited us to satisfy our

hunger, and the combined bubbling mountain streams gave comfort to our bodies, and we praised the love and boundless blessings of God to his wandering servants.

This place . . . was very comfortable, and we were sheltered from the heat of the day and the cold and rain. On this day, while we were resting our weary bodies, we were startled from our dreamy state by the thundering sound of a cannon echoing in the ridges and valleys. The smoke rose up from a place called Punee and the cannon ball struck above Waimakemake, the place we had formerly been. At this place, my friends, the goodness of God in leading my husband's thoughts for us to leave that place the night before, led us to the heights of Limamuku, our place of refuge where we rested quietly and watched the actions of the enemy with their dark thoughts of raiding. The P. G. soldiers continued to fire above Punee, and the earth and rocks of our little home flew about, and love welled up in us for that nest in which we had sheltered, because of its being needlessly harmed. The birds had sprouted wings and flown elsewhere. "The Puulena has gone elsewhere, it is at Hilo, sought by Papalauahi," said the ancients.

At this time we began to live comfortably, but with continuing vigilance. It was possible for me . . . to go with caution and in sheltered places in the stream, to fish for fresh water shrimps and gobey fish, and also get some taro which we cooked with great caution, since we had enough matches because of being very careful with them, and we were careful with the fire lest the smoke be seen. Perhaps one week after this, it was very lonely and we heard no more gun fire and we decided that the P. G. soldiers had returned, thinking we were dead, since Koolau's gun had not been heard, and their bullets had been fired all around the valley, who could escape? They went away and left the victorious Kaluaikoolau, the fierce brave one who had stood alone before the numerous P.G.

During this time of living in loneliness and inaction, for a long time afterwards, my husband would not allow us to show ourselves. . . . We lived here for perhaps a month, without being ambushed since my husband constantly scouted the entire area. Therefore he decided we would go down to where the taro grew and we went down to the bank of a stream at a place, Oheoheiki, where the cliffs faced each other. The taro grew to the base of the pali and there was forest on either side. And there we were accustomed to take some taro and some luau, the green tops of the taro plants, and from the stream we got gobey fish and fresh water shrimp and fresh water

shellfish. There was hoio fern whose tender tips we ate, and with the fruits of the upland we had sufficient food and plenty of water to drink. We found this place had shelter and enough food for the welfare of our bodies, and we made this place into a home for ourselves. In the daytime we left this place and went into the forest to hide, and at night we retreated to our place where we slept. We lived in this way for almost two years, and during this time we often saw our friends, but they never saw us, and they had no idea that we were living here. I was told long afterwards that they had two ideas, the first being that we were all dead, that Koolau had shot us all, or else we had been killed by the bullets of the soldiers of the provisional government. Some of them thought that we had gone away to Kekaha and hidden there. There was no lack of conjecture by our friends, but since we disappeared so completely for such a long time, they became indifferent.

Remember, my friends who go on this road so patiently with me, during this entire time, we saw friends of ours come very close but we never showed ourselves and they never saw us and we never spoke with anyone else during those many, many months, and almost two full years of living as a trio in the uplands, never hearing of how the people and our many friends were faring. We would recollect, and the tears would come. Perhaps we might meet and see them again, perhaps not, these things were hidden from our knowledge. Only God in heaven knew.

While we dwelt thus in dreamy loneliness, on a certain good day I had gone to pull some taro for us, and I wore at this time a tattered holoku [long, fitted, one-piece dress] and some trousers I had sewn for myself, and I wore my husband's coat and cap. While I was pulling taro, I heard something startling, a man's cough, and I quickly burrowed under the taro leaves, with my eyes looking hither and yon, and quietly listened. Then I heard voices speaking above, and upon glancing up I saw Wile Kini [Willie Kinney], that hapa-haole [half Caucasian] who was famous for burning cane, standing on the road which went up, over us. He was whistling and I saw Kelau and Keoki appear and they stood together. I ran quickly to the place where my husband was sitting and he, seeing my alarm, asked me, "What is this that makes you breathless?"

"What indeed—there were some men, Wile Kini and others—they are up there."

"Did they see you?"

"Yes, when I was seen there was a whistle."



"Let us hide."

And since we were taken by surprise we ran, and the child and I crawled, getting bruised and scratched, and lay quietly, while Koolau stood up outside, holding his gun. When these people had first seen me they had mistakenly thought I was a Japanese stealing taro, and they had heard that a Japanese thief had fled, and seeing me in my husband's clothes, but when they saw us, they said, "That is no Japanese, I think Koolau and others are here."

Then Keoki came and looked at Koolau and they realized their mistake and they came near. Keoki came and shook hands with us and also Kelau and Kini. Koolau asked if they had intentions of harming us, and they replied, "No, have no doubt, there is only friendship."

These friends spent a little time with us, with many questions back and forth, and we told them the story of our wanderings in hardship and trouble, and they told us all the things which we had not heard of for such a long time, concerning our family and many friends. You must remember that this was the very first meeting and exchange of speech with others than ourselves from the time we were fired at and pursued by the soldiers of the Provisional Government. It was a joy to return into the world and hear all the news, and we seemed as persons who had died and come to life again. When we had finished our exchange of news and they were about to leave, they shook hands again with us and . . . Wili Kini said to my husband, "E, listen, if you see a steer and you know it is mine, take it for yourselves, I give it to you."

Koolau gave him full thanks for this expression of aloha and kindheartedness, but affirmed that we had enough with the oopu and the opae of the forest streams, but this friend reaffirmed his kind offer. After their farewells they turned homeward and we were left a threesome again, with good thoughts of this pleasant meeting with those friends. It would be well for me to speak of my husband thus: in spite of this generous offer by Kini and though he often saw Kini's cattle, although we lacked for beef and longed for it, my husband never took advantage of an offer he could not repay, but urged patience on us with that which was available.

On the next day we were startled again at seeing two people coming up on the road, but our alarm was ended when we saw Kelau and his wife Keapoulu. They came and met with us, and we wailed together in greeting. They had brought us some clothing, matches, and a bag of fish, dried moi, and some other things we lacked. When



they left, that was the last time we met and talked with any living person until our child died, and my husband after him, and until my return to the home in my birthplace at Kekaha, Kauai. It was three years and five or more months of wandering life in the wild valleys and rows of steep cliffs, in the midst of an awesome loneliness. We set aside love of parents and family, cast away our fears and sighs, and I sacrificed my life for my husband and child, so beloved to me. I followed them, went everywhere with them. In our living and our sleeping I was always there to watch over them and work for them, care for them, and to die for them if necessary.

After this we began to wander, never staying anywhere more than one, two, or three days in one place, when we would leave and move on. Thus we were missed by the friends who came seeking us, since I learned after my return to Kekaha that on the day after Kelau and his wife had returned to the shore and told of meeting us and where we were staying, many, many friends had come up to see us, bringing equipment and vegetable and protein foods, only to find . . . that we had been carried off like a puff of smoke by Koolau, to live in the deep gloom of the mountain forest. We had great affection and longing to see and meet our friends, but for some reasons which he had explained, he had become suspicious and wary and he had made up his mind that we should be completely hidden until the end. And his thought was fulfilled right up until the time his cold body was laid in the immeasurable depths of the earth. There were attempts to follow our tracks, and we were followed to places where we had been because of the affection of our family and friends, but they never got or had the least glimpse of us, because we were hidden and cloaked in secrecy by the alert one of the Kalalau cliffs, the brave one who singly had routed the soldiers of the Provisional Government to their harm and frustration. And he lived as an ali'i [chief or noble] on the famous heights of Kamaile, from whence the fire was flung.

Listen, my companions who follow . . . this story, you must understand that we went into the deep gloom of the mountain forests which sheltered and covered us and we were hidden from the fringes of civilization, and our senses of sight and hearing were as those of wild things in following the signs of man. During this time of living as a threesome, we were well and we had sufficient to eat and drink. We lived thus with ease, and then our beloved child began to show the spread of the disease upon his body, and he became very weak in his limbs. Thus his strength ebbed away, and he began to weep constantly because of the pain in his opu

[stomach]. We attempted, with what herbs we could find in the mountains, to help him, and at times he would be better, but then it would return strongly. This was the beginning of the burden of sorrows upon our shoulders which became entwined in our thoughts. We attempted by every means to alleviate the illness of our child, but we understood that his end was near, and the noiseless hand was reaching out which is the end of all mankind.

During this time when the child was so extremely weak, he was never a burden nor did he complain, but his intellect continued to unfold and his conversations with us were such that the heart of the parent can never forget. We never neglected our prayers to the Lord, and we, his parents, gave him into the hands of Him who made him. Thus he quietly ebbed away until, one day, he gestured to me and when I went to his side, he put his arms around my neck and rubbed his cheek against mine, and I saw that his lashes were wet with tears, and he whispered; "Where is Papa? I am going to sleep."

Because of these whispered words, my grief caused me to wail aloud, and the father, hearing, ran and caressed his son, and we understood that he was within seconds of his last breath. We attempted to speak with him, calling him, but his ears were done hearing, his eyes gently closed, his last breath flew away, and he was asleep in the Lord, his Saviour in the beyond. While I am remembering and telling all this, his features return to me as I saw them at that time . . . seeming as though I still see his smiling face as he lay in the leafy house below the rows of palis. It seemed as though he was dreaming of entering into the host of angels of the Lord, rejoicing together with them in hosannahs, having attained eternal life in that holy kingdom.

Farewell to thee, my flower garland, curled under a blanket of dew  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, of the raindrops striking the skin  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, patient in the heat of the day  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, patient with sorrow.

Farewell to thee, my flower garland, ignoring hunger  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, of the lonely, uncomplaining voice  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, sipping the moisture of the leaves  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, of the mountain house with no ridgepole.

Farewell to thee, my flower garland, of the sacrificing heart for the elders  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, facing the death by the P.G. guns  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, lying at ease in sleep from season  
to season  
Farewell to thee, my flower garland, the watcher of the Kalalau cliffs.

O my reader friends, how can I tell of the grief and sorrow which came upon us, the parents, in the mountainous wilderness? Greater was the sorrow upon your friend here, because, while the tribulations were great while the child was weakening, until he left us, when I looked at my husband, I began to see the differences in his health and in his features. There joined with us in our wanderings continual sensations of alarm, causing sorrowful thoughts. . . . But yet, with all these sorrows, I set aside hesitation and bound myself to hope constantly to thoughts of the day and hour of escape.

On the side of one of those steep cliffs of that famous valley, at a place where a lehua tree stood, surrounded by ferns and ginger, and entangled by the growth of the wilderness, there we dug a grave in a place where, in the side of the mountain, the sea and the shore and the valley were spread out to be seen, and when it was deep enough we spread it with the tender leaf buds, and gently laid him away. Our voices prayed to Him who gave and who took away, and, garlanding him with the forest leaves, we filled his grave with stones and earth, leaving him to sleep—ashes to ashes, dust to dust, until the day of judgment. Deep love to the one who was gone, and deep love for us who lived as a duo, with sighs and grief for him.

O mothers who have experienced this sorrow, or perhaps will after this, I too, I, this friend, am with you, in the embrace of love and sympathy. Yet perhaps you will realize the burden on a weak woman with no soothing voices of the many friends and relatives to alleviate the pain. . . .

[Pi'ilani recounts that for almost a year they wandered, occasionally seeing people but never being seen.]

Our wanderings continued . . . and then my husband began to show signs of the sickness exactly like those of the child, pains in the stomach. Because they increased so, we returned to a place called Lanikuua, and there we rested . . . we understood that the sickness was like that of the child's, and we sought various herbs in an attempt to medicate, but it would disappear for a time and return ever more strongly. After seven months when his strength prevailed over the sickness, weakness began to overcome him until, almost at the end, he intimated to me that he understood his death was near. On a certain day he called me to his side, and when I obeyed, he said:

Hear me, my wife, perhaps you have understood my troubles, since I know inwardly that I am weakening, and it is almost time for me to follow our child and leave you all alone, and how will it be with you? I would have thought that you would be the first to leave; I would have

thought you would have been discouraged and bored, with the burdens and troubles and hardships of our lives. Yet not so, you have remained close and most patient with me and the child, our beloved who is gone, and you and I have lived in hardship until this time. Now I see that it is I who must leave you. What indeed, now? We have lived together, looking to each other, and when I go, you must end your residence in this place and turn towards the homes of our families and give them all my love. Tell the truth if you are questioned, saying that mine was the trouble, which you and the child followed with me to the end, and that you fulfilled the oath you swore. And my only command to you is, when the time comes, that you bury my gun with me, we will sleep together in the belly of the earth, because you had nothing to do with the gun. I alone was the one who used it, and when I go, we go together; when my work is done, its work in this world is done.

These were days when I lived in sorrow. My cheeks were often wet with tears, seeing the body and the features of my husband quietly ebbing away, without being able to help and save him although I tried, with every means available to me. . . . Two weeks, before his death, his mind began to wander, and at times he would speak without knowing of it later. Thus he continued before he left me, his thoughts and recognition of the world of men disappeared completely, and he was in a coma this day until night. And in the middle of the night, during the turning of the Milky Way, the light in the house that was Kaluaikoolau was extinguished and his spirit returned to the One who made him, leaving only his clay behind for me to lament over—I alone in the awesome loneliness which was peopled only with the voices of the land shells, which seemed to lament with me in those hours before the break of dawn.

When the sun began to spread its warming rays over the land that morning, and the palis and ridges of that beloved valley were spread out, Koolau slept quietly in death. I, his companion, laid him out lovingly, with a lei of lehua and ferns on his breast, with his favorite gun resting by his side, grasped by his right hand. I rested my eyes on his face and all the memories of him returned, and how, my reader friends, can I tell you of the strength of the pouring out of grief which tore at my breast. Love most profound, from the empty-handed journeying after our child was gone, the two of us on the path together, and then myself, the third of the journeyers, beating my breast and wailing alone on the pathway of loneliness, with only the disembodied touch of the wind, with the aching feeling that this was the spirit of my husband moving noiselessly. Who could deny the loneliness, the eyes had closed, the voice had ceased, the breath

had flown, the torch was out, leaving the body to be returned dust unto dust—intense love, my husband, the telling has been fulfilled:

There is a season for the blustery winds  
There is a season for the gentle breezes  
There is a season for the buds to open  
There is a season for the thick leaves to fall  
There is a season for the rains to drench  
There is a season for the rays of the sun to swelter  
There is a season for everything  
There is a season for all the seasons—of death.

When I had done laying out the body and wailing for him, I began to think of a place to return him into the earth. I went looking until I found a nook deeply sheltered by the palis and hidden away by a sheltering tangle of palai ferns and gingers. And I decided that this was the right place to shelter his bones, and there I dug a grave. . . . in our wanderings in the wilderness we did not have the . . . supplies that a householder would have, and I only had a small knife and adze to dig a suitable grave with which to do this work which was awaiting me, and I worked with all the strength of my hands and my woman's body to make the grave, being determined that there should be no abuse of his tabu until the end.

I dug all the first day until the evening, and had only done half of the depth, and I returned and slept that night by the body of my husband until the dawn. On this next morning I began to dig again until the day began to end when I saw that it was deep enough. I spread out the fragrant leaves of the forest over the earth on the bottom and the sides until all was ready for the last task, fetching my beloved husband's body. I knelt by his side and sent my prayers to the feet of the God in the high heavens. Then I lifted him onto some branches and dragged him to his final resting place in the beloved soil of his native land. There I laid him to sleep with his favorite gun on his breast, fulfilling his last command to me. Giving praise to the Heavenly Father, I covered him over with leaf tips, and the earth swallowed up and hid him, returning dust to dust, ashes to ashes, in the name of Almighty God.

I covered him and his belongings over with soil, and then a layer of flat rocks, and then more soil, and then more rocks, with soil above all, like the surface of the earth. I planted all around with slips from the forest, kissed the earth and left him there sleeping the sleep of seasons. Leaving his chilly home, I turned away and went weeping

with the burden of sorrow on my shoulders. That same evening I stood up and left that place where I had dwelt and endured with my husband. Who indeed could stay when the husband, the companion of this lonely place, was gone? I turned towards the path that went shorewards to a place where I could be close to the inhabited places.

As I was descending in the dimness, my eyes gazed at the crannies and the ridges where we had gone patiently with our beloved child where we had huddled together in the chill, and a vision of their faces and the remembrance of them brought tears. Remembrance of the days of youth, of the love of the land of our birth and of our numerous family who would not see the two of them again, of my hiding of them alone, of our going together, sleeping together, and enduring together all the sufferings and hardships. Remembrance at facing death together from the bullets of the soldiers of the Provisional Government which had flown everywhere, remembrance of the banks of the irrigated taro terraces, the valleys and the steep ridges, where we had gone together—auwe [alas], the aching pain of grief—auwe, my husband and my child—auwe, I groan with love of them—seeking to be soothed, but no, they are hidden away, they have left me forever—it is for me to feel the pangs—auwe, auwe, auwe.

I wandered alone in the cloaking darkness, with the rustling murmurs of the little stones of the stream and the sweet murmuring land shells of the ti-plants, and when the dawn came and the clouds of night crept softly behind the high peaks and the light of the sun flashed forth, I had arrived at a place close to the kamaainas' homes. By the side of the stream in a dense thicket of mikinolia [lantana] with their thorns which scrape the skin, I made myself a nest in which to rest quietly to await that which time might bring. If it was to be saved, it would be from above. If it was to be trouble, it was to be, here was the return on the path of the trouble which was behind. . . .

[Pi'ilani lived for almost a month in the thicket of thorns, never revealing herself though she heard people.]

Perhaps my friends are puzzled at my being able to live in this place without becoming hungry and without showing myself to my friends. It is truly surprising. However, concerning the hunger, we must understand that in living in the forests I was accustomed and had sufficient things to satisfy my hunger. At night in no time at all I had enough fresh water shrimps and gobey fish and freshwater



shellfish from the stream, and I took some small taro shoots and leaves. I cooked my food with extreme care, by broiling on coals, and there was sufficient in those days of living alone. . . .

My friends may ponder and ask, "What was the reason for hiding? The mountains were empty, not an owl kept company in the kula [plains] and you could have returned to the homes of the relatives, this was the bosom on which to be succored." Perhaps this was true . . . but your friend here at this time, this little bird without a nest, was too proud, as in those celebrated words of our ancestors, "The Puulena has gone, it is at Hilo, sought by Papalauahi."

While I was living at this place, I was filled with love, stirring up thoughts which demanded that I go to see my relatives who would flock together before my eyes, and I would almost carry this out, but then I would recall my husband's instructions, "When you have left me and our beloved child behind here, be very cautious—be vigilant, be watchful and listen, because it is not known where harm may be, choose your way most carefully."

These words . . . were like his hands gently grasping me and restraining me, as though saying, "Wait, lest haste bring loneliness." And my pleasant thoughts of going and showing myself would cease. There was no doubt at all concerning my friends, they would be unanimous concerning me, but thoughts rose inwardly that perhaps the powerful hands of the government might seize me, and some of the Provisional Government soldiers might be angry at my husband and at me also and longing for a glimpse of us in order to punish us for the deaths of those soldiers who had been struck by the unerring bullets of my beloved. Since I was unprotected and had no means to defend myself from what might break over me, therefore my conscience decided to endure the loneliness and fulfill my husband's command. . . .

My great love and longing in those days was to be united with my relatives and tell them all the things I had witnessed, the things, indeed, not seen by any other living person except for my husband and our child, and they were gone . . . to tell them all the true things concerning this pathetic story, so that they would understand what they had mistaken and only guessed. However, these thoughts of mine were not fulfilled. . . . They are told here for the first time by the pen of Kahikina Kelekona, to be preserved in ink and disseminated to the many people in the true story of Kaluaikoolau, the one boasted of as "The Fierce Brave One of the Kalalau Cliffs who Glides along the Peak of Kamaile whence the Fire was Flung."



While I was living at this place, I was constantly on the alert for the least glimpse of any sign of the police or of the soldiers of the Provisional Government, . . . but there was nothing. I understood afterwards that they had been completely routed, not a leaf remained on the branch because of their terror of the deeds of the steel-hearted Koolau—singlehanded against their numbers—they had been blown away by the gusty winds of Kahoinele [return empty-handed]. Since I neither saw nor heard of these people, yet being doubtful, I decided that I had had enough of living as a wanderer there and that it would be better to turn to the warm bosom of my family and meet again the land of birth of my husband and child and myself.

In the dusk of a certain day, I prepared to depart from this nest in which I had dwelt alone, with love, and with a small bundle on my back and food for this journey in my bosom, I turned towards the long way and the breathless climb up the steep high cliffs. While I was climbing up in the quiet and lonely dusk, when I came to a high place, I turned and gazed at the shore and it seemed to me as though the lights in the houses were winking a farewell to a lonely journeyer whose feet were on a dark and lonesome path.

When the tail of the night had come, I arrived at Kahalanui, the place where we had first lived, my beloved husband and child and I, and I had first met with the Sheriff, Lui, and his follower, Penikila. There I rested awhile, full of sad recollections, and it seemed that my husband and child were there with me. After some of the weariness disappeared, I resumed my climb, alertly and swiftly up the steep cliff. I climbed with my eyes looking before me looking for the resting place on the Ascent of Kilohana. Stepping on the high peak of the Pali of Kalou, as dawn broke I rested and drew breath, caressed by the refreshing breeze of the heights, touching gently and bathing away the efforts from the base of the cliff to the sheer steeps, where every glance reveals death with no place to escape.

Here I gazed seaward over this place which had cherished and hidden me and my husband and child, and I bent my knees and called on the Holy Trinity which had watched over our wanderings and on my present journey. As I sat on this high peak and glanced over our mountainy woodland home, I mused inwardly:

[The following is a classic example of the *uwe helu*, a recounting or recalling lament, verbal and extemporaneous, in prose rather than a chant.]

What is this that is stirring in my bosom and heart, what is this ache that stirs so deeply in my bones? Yes, I know you. I greet you, Kamaile,

the guardian of the dark spreading night of Kane, the guardian of my husband—I have only one offering to you—my love. And you, our refuge of Kahalanui, where we sheltered in our nest, receive my affection until I return to be at ease again in your verdure. And Waimakemake, with your sheltering foliage which hid us and sheltered us from death from the bullets of the raging ones, you are the witness of the unerring aim of the daring hero in your bosom, of our thirst and our hunger, you cherished and hid us, remembrance of you is a fragrant garland, burnt and bound into this heart—for you is my steadfast love until my bones are laid away. Greetings to Koheo, the friendly place which opened to hide us, your friendly deed is unforgettable. I glance up over your shoulder to Punee—O Punee, the seer and designer, who saw the needs of hunger—you knew first of the voiceless surmise of news, that the strange birds had gone elsewhere and were at the water-sprinkled heights of Limamuku—gone from the groping hands of the raging pursuers—setting off course the sight with the spyglasses—If not for that flat at the base of the cliffs of Kaalaneo, the sight of the prey of those hard-hearted ones would not have been obscured. Love, love to you, Punee, you can not fail to be recognized when you are seen. It is you, O Kalahau, standing guard against the bullets—before and behind—it is you who guard the grave of our beloved—my reverence is for you forever. I gaze upon you, O Oheoheiki, and your abundance; it was you who gave refuge from the dizziness of the summer days and the winter nights. It was your sweet flowing breast and kindness, your welcoming hands to the wanderers; you were the heaven above and the earth below—you are the parent, the refuge. For you is this breath which sighs a greeting to you. Love to you, Kaluamoi, the hospitable bosom in which time was passed. It was your heights that veiled and obscured us from the pursuers, peered at by the stars blown away from the mountain peak, revealing brightly the heights where the waterfalls speak. O Limamuku, O Limamuku, indeed! For you is this throbbing deep within, for you these tears which fall so freely, for you is this pain which tears at the breast—the lehua blossoms are scattered by the pelting of the pouring rain. Who would not feel the pain—here are the gusts of grief that will not be assuaged—farewell, farewell to you, the place of refuge where there is no ridgepole, farewell to the nest which gave ease to me and my husband and child, farewell to your steep, so difficult of access, farewell to the sweet singing voices of your babbling streams. The eyes will turn away from seeing you, yet always they will gaze inwardly, where love dwells. You are consecrated, you are marked—farewell to you. I still hear your murmuring voice, O Stream of Waimakemake, whose cool waters eased our burning thirst, my love to you. O, all the sheltered nests, and the friends of that beloved shore, this heart throbs with love for you all. May the cool forest breezes softly moisten your cheeks, testifying that, although your features are gone from the sight of these eyes, the love will never disappear.

And, O, the succoring hospitable valley of Kalalau! You are surrounded by my love, you are the recipient of all my desires, until my end. I am going on the road that leaves you behind, leaving in the

intense fragrance of your wildernesses, the bones of our beloved ones. I leave them to sleep gently in your peace—yours is the hiding, the secret hiding, the secret hiding that is taken, the secret hiding that is taken forever—overwhelming love to you. You will be hidden from my sight—yet always in my heart. I will gaze in remembrance—it has been lit—it can never be extinguished in a great flood—farewell—my footsteps take their course and I bear upon me constant love—so it shall be!

O my friends who have followed on the tracks of this unforgettable recollection by your friend who is speaking here, I testify that I know the piercing pains of the various kinds of distress, which passed within these gloomy walls, I know the pathos and struggle of inward grief, but this is something else again, this chill and numbness. Words are lacking to describe its nature—

Spreading out, extending the hands of Hauailiki, a chill within, coldness without

Entwined, cramped in the Kuhonua is the foliage, stirred and heaped up are the lehua blooms

The Inuwai strikes, wondrous, sipping dry the leaves of the trees

The creeping mist is gusted, the sea surges from the plundering mischief of the Kona [storm]

Nipping the petals, the strong Waipao wind wounds the bosom

This is my great anguish—let it be soothed—profound farewell.

My eyes glanced again at that valley spread out in its calm, and I left that high peak of Kalou, the height of Kilohana, and stepped along the steep ridges of those valleys, arriving at the trail descending to Kaunuohua. I saw the beauty of Halemanu, that hospitable mountain home of the Elder, Knudsen, the place where we had rested formerly, when we had left Kekaha, the land of our birth, which brought recollections of my close companions, my husband and our beloved child. At this place, it began to darken, and the weariness of my travels overcame me and I slept. I awakened refreshed at dawn and bestirred my footsteps on the way down the pali, until reaching the flat land of that beloved country, the way was speedy, the kula was lonely, not a bird flew [a poetic way of saying she met no one].

During this journey made alone, the mountains and forests were lonely, only the brush of the breeze on my cheeks and the rustle of leaves on the trees were my traveling companions, outside of my recollections. It seemed as though they said, "Here we are to watch over your path of return to the land of birth." I never met . . . a living soul until my arrival at our home in Kekaha. I still remember the sensations of my arrival. It was a Saturday morning when I again

saw the place where my husband and child had been content, and I still remember my meeting with our own mother, from whose womb came my beloved husband, and a beloved mother to me also, her name is Kukui. We wailed together in anguish and lamentation when I recounted everything concerning Kaluaikoolau and Kaleimanu, of their being left for me to give my love and support to them, and of their giving their love to all the relatives and friends before they left me alone with my grief in that lonely wilderness, living patiently with the pain and troubles, and the pursuit of the bloody-handed messengers of the Provisional Government in those days when the bullets flew, which I shall never forget until these bones are laid away.

While I was living with our mother, so beloved of us both, many doubts and alarm would stir within me, and I passed these days and nights in hiding and in anticipating—seemingly an inner voice said, “It has been heard that you are here, Piilani, that you have returned and are living here in Kekaha, and you will be arrested and a terrible death will be your end in payment for the lives harmed by your husband.” These were the anticipatory thoughts . . . , then, before this was done, I would stand without doubt and fearlessly before my own people of my own race and indeed before the whole world, and tell the true story and only the truth, from beginning to end, of everything concerning the deeds of my beloved husband, Kaluaikoolau, he who is boasted of as the Fierce Brave One of the toothed palis of Kalalau, the foremost expert of the heights of Kamaile whence the fire was hurled, just as the truth I am telling here in this book before my own people of my own race.

After some time had passed in this quietude and hiding, the rumor began to spread amongst some people that I had been seen, and as the little trickles of water became a stream, thus these rumors spread until it became widely known and came to the ears of the government watchmen. Some friends came and told me this news, but now, since I had been a long time in the midst of people, my disturbed and fearful thoughts had disappeared, and I dared to meet them face to face. I lived quietly and in ease with my mother, and on a certain day an employee of the government came to our home, and we met pleasantly. On this day the High Sheriff of the Island of Kauai, John H. Coney, the Deputy Sheriff of the District of Waimea, Kauai, and their guide, Kaumeheuiwa, came to see me.

They questioned me concerning Kaluaikoolau and Kaleimanu, and I told them the truth from beginning to end, and at the end of my testimony, they affirmed their complete belief in what I had told

them and they announced at this time that I was completely absolved and released from the power of the government, of everything that had been done by my beloved husband as has been told in this book. . . . On this day I triumphed over my doubts as to the effects of the government's power over me.

From this day I lived in comfort and ease, and, as proclaimed by the government, I was untroubled by any harm which could have resulted from the story told in this book. . . .

[Pi'ilani then repeats briefly the events of the "three years, five months, and two or three weeks."]

During these years of wandering in the wilderness of Kalalau, we climbed the steep ridges, we descended into the headlong depths of valleys, we travelled the mountainous regions and were watchful in the underbrush, we dwelt in the nooks and crannies, and this entire valley from its high cliffs to the flat terraces of earth became our home, and the dark clouds of Kane were our ridgepole.

I have love for Kalalau—who indeed would not! It is the bosom, the grave, the peace, where lie the bones of my man and our child whom we lovingly bore.

I was pelted with the outpouring love of my kin and friends and companions. They have embraced me and truly shown their good will, demonstrating that they did not forget their friend who lived in hardship and the greatest of troubles, and have joined hands in love and comfort and hope in this life. In my thoughts I hope to embrace all the people of my own race with my warm love for them to whom I reveal my story in sincerity—to call on and knock on every one's hearts, from the rising of the sun at Haehae to its setting at Lehua. Warm affection to all!

As this book ends, I extend my good wishes and humble thanks to all the friends who were hospitable to their companion and speaker, who is of the same birth and blood of our native land.

To my friends and good companions, Hon. William J. Sheldon and his wife, Mrs. Becky Keaonaueole Sheldon, I give my thanks and appreciation for their warm and kindhearted hospitality during those days when I was arranging and recalling everything relating to this story, within their snug and beautiful home at Waimea, Kauai.

Here, I wish to express to all, my gratitude to my friend, Kahikona Sheldon, so accomplished with the pen, for inspiring, arranging, weaving together and editing this story of Kaluaikoolau from all I told him of the things seen and done by myself. And I affirm to the world that this is the correct, true, and one and only story of

Kaluaikoolau from beginning to end. I humbly pray that this book will be a memorial for Kaluaikoolau, that we all may forever keep our love for him and our child unforgotten in our hearts. They sleep in the bosom of Kalalau but will live again in our loving memories.

Peace on Earth  
Love to all mankind.  
Welina!  
MRS. PHILANI KOOLAU

Waimea, Kauai, January 1, 1906

#### NOTES

- <sup>1</sup> Kahikina Kelekona, *Kaluaikoolau!* (Honolulu: Kahikini Kelekona, 1906). John G. M. Sheldon was the son of newspaperman Henry Sheldon. He also wrote the history of Joseph Nawahi of Hilo.
- <sup>2</sup> There were other rebellions by those who refused to be taken. Doctors who examined persons suspected of being lepers or police who came to get them were shot at. The most famous rebel, however, was Ko'olau.
- <sup>3</sup> Jack London, *The House of Pride* (New York: Macmillan, 1912).
- <sup>4</sup> Aubrey P. Janion, ed., *The Olowalu Massacre and Other Hawaiian Tales* (Norfolk Island, Australia: Island Heritage, 1976).
- <sup>5</sup> Deputy Sheriff Louis Stolz, of Waimea, Kaua'i, was also known as Lui. Provisional Government soldiers killed were "Anderson, Husberg, and McCabe": Koolau Expedition 1893, FO & Ex, AH.
- <sup>6</sup> Reverend George Rowell and Malvina Chapin Rowell, members of the Tenth Company of American Protestant missionaries to Hawai'i, served the ABCFM until 1865, then led a group of independent Hawaiian churches: *Missionary Album: Sesquicentennial Edition* (1937; Honolulu: HMCS, 1969) 166.
- <sup>7</sup> Francis Gay, a native of New Zealand who grew up on the island of Ni'ihau, and Valdemar Knudsen, a Norwegian immigrant, both were fluent in Hawaiian. They were ranchers and cattlemen and were generally loved and respected by the Native Hawaiians. Knudsen was also an amateur botanist of some note. See Edward Joesting, *Kauai: The Separate Kingdom* (Honolulu: U of Hawai'i P and Kauai Museum Association, 1984) 198.
- <sup>8</sup> Although the official Board of Health Reports 1889-'99 (AH) consistently underestimated the numbers of lepers in hiding, unofficial sources said that the numbers who remained outside the Moloka'i settlement was substantial. The PCA for 30 June 1893 reported 28 lepers living in the Kalalau area among a native population of 120. They evaded the police who were sent periodically to round them up. Most Hawaiians would not report relatives or friends. "They were not troubled by the lepers among them, and they happily shared dishes bedding, and clothing until disfigurement became extreme." See Edward Joesting, *Hawaii: An Uncommon History* (New York: W. W. Norton, 1972) 206.
- <sup>9</sup> A word spoken to a Hawaiian was an offering not to be retracted.
- <sup>10</sup> Hans Peter Faye, another Norwegian immigrant, started as a field hand and became the manager of Kekaha Sugar Company, Kaua'i. John William Siddell, ed., *Men of Hawaii*, vol. 1 (Honolulu: Honolulu Star-Bulletin, 1917) 103.